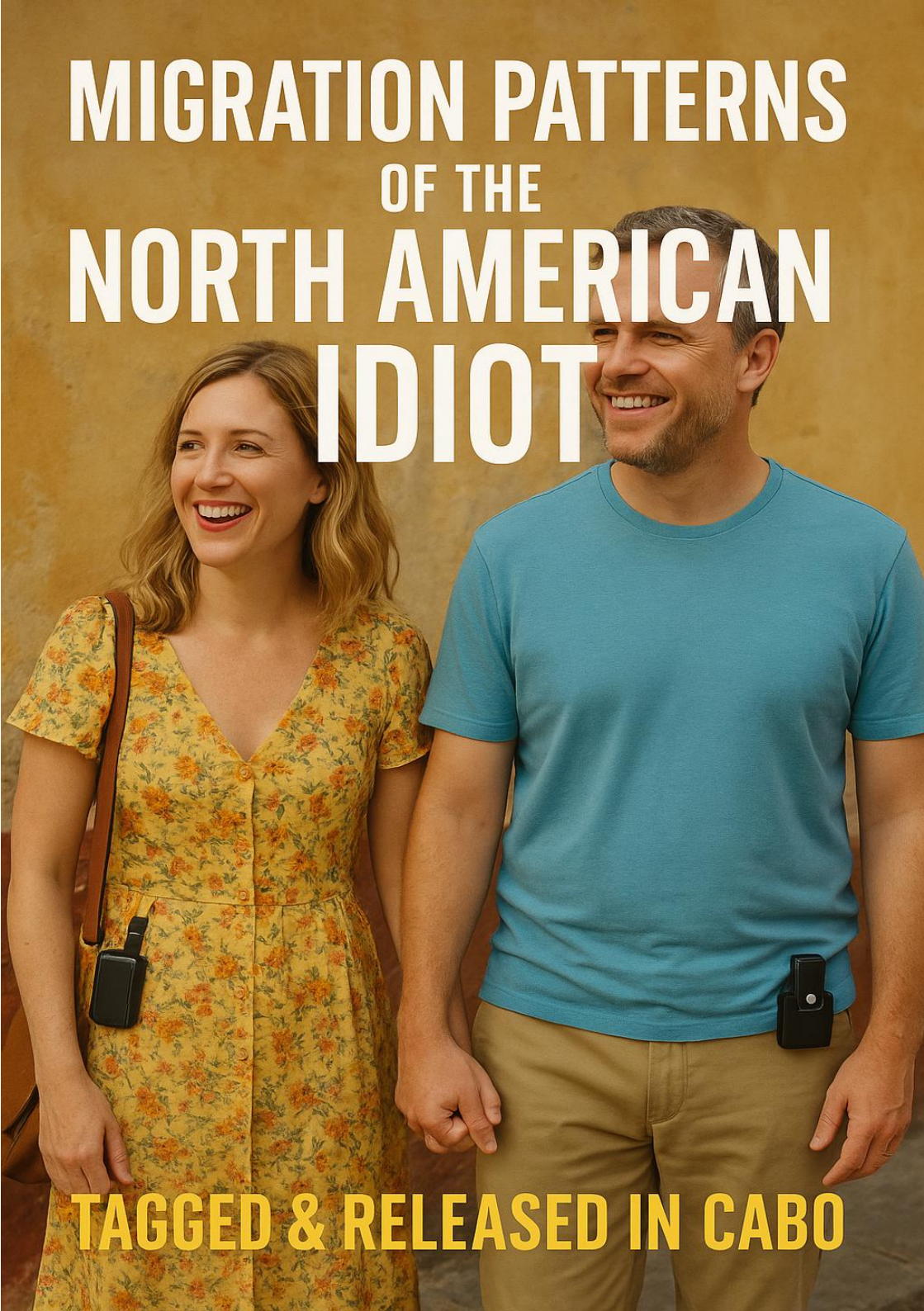
MIGRATION PATTERNS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN IDIOT



TAGGED & RELEASED IN CABO

MIGRATION PATTERNS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN IDIOT

They'd only meant to "get a bit of local flavor."
That was the exact phrase the husband had used when suggesting they turn left instead of staying on the manicured boardwalk with its churro carts, security guards, and English menus that somehow had more typos than the Spanish ones.

Five turns later, Cabo had stopped smiling. The paint peeled faster here. Dogs moved in packs, without leashes or names. The air smelled of frying oil, beer, and that unplaceable something you only notice right before your survival instinct kicks in.

They didn't notice.
They were Americans.
And the only reason they were still breathing was

because half the people watching them thought: *No one that stupid should die without being properly studied by anthropologists.*

They came to a corner. Shade pooled beneath a flickering lamppost. A mariachi band—full suits, silver trim, and the thousand-yard stare of musicians who'd played for both quinceañeras and executions—tuned their instruments.

The singer stepped forward: a young woman in a red dress, hair pulled tight, eyes like polished obsidian. She turned toward a second-story window, lifted her chin, and unleashed it:

> Rata inmunda
> Animal rastrero
> Escoria de la vida
> Adefesio mal hecho

Infrahumano
Espectro del infierno
Maldita sabandija
Cuánto daño me has hecho

The wife clasped her hands to her chest.
“Oh look, darling—a mariachi serenade. So romantic!”

Somewhere, two blocks away, in a room heavy with cigar smoke and gun oil, a cartel lord paused mid-sentence, closed his eyes, and pressed the heel of his palm into his forehead.

“Por Dios…” he muttered. “They think it’s for them.”

.

The singer’s voice cut sharper than the trumpets:

Alimaña
Culebra ponzoñosa
Deshecho de la vida
Te odio y te desprecio

Her words dripped venom, centuries of betrayal compressed into four lines and a half-note hold. Somewhere, someone was crying into their tequila.

The American husband, phone out, thumb frantic over Shazam, beamed like a man discovering "La Bamba" for the first time.
"Darling," he whispered, clutching her hand, "this will be our song. Our *adventure song* in real Mexico!"

She giggled. "Ooooh, let's get matching T-shirts made with the lyrics!"

At the far corner, in the shadow of a half-collapsed balcony, a man with a shaved head and a Saints jersey slid a round into the chamber of a pistol.

Ka-klak.

From behind him, a calmer voice: Klak-ta—safety on.
"Don't shoot them now. The Museum of Natural Sciences can use them."

A pause.
"The *Museum of Natural Sciences*?"

"Yes. The Americans exhibit. Under 'Endangered Idiots.'"

They both watched as the couple swayed in place to a ballad written for a cheating husband's funeral, oblivious to the fact that they had wandered into a street where even the pigeons had PTSD.

The singer's eyes narrowed. Her voice dropped into that deep, gravel-edged register mariachi divas use when they're aiming at someone's soul:

> Rata de dos patas
> Te estoy hablando a ti
> Porque un bicho rastrero
> Aún siendo el más maldito
> Comparado contigo
> Se queda muy chiquito

From the open window above came a man's voice—offended, defensive, and already drunk enough to list names as if reciting the Rosary:
"¡Que no me digas asiiiiii! Apenas fueron Angélica… y Matilda… y Verónica… pero después solo la Yennifer, la Yaita, la Cordobel, la Maraya…"

The singer didn't blink, didn't breathe, just shot the next verse like a bullet through his excuses:

> Maldita sanguijuela
> Maldita cucaracha

Que infectas donde picas
Que hieres y que matas

Alimaña
Culebra ponzoñosa
Deshecho de la vida
Te odio y te desprecio

Down on the corner, the American wife—blinding the block with the glow of her brand-new iPhone camera—squealed:
"This is *so much* our song."

Her husband, holding her waist, nodded in solemn agreement, as though commemorating a shared sunrise over the Grand Canyon.

By now, half the barrio had gathered. The air smelled of sweat, beer, and the metallic tang of

restrained violence. Somewhere, a trigger finger twitched.

The barrio leaders—men and women who'd seen cartel feuds, police raids, and the occasional escaped circus tiger—were now busy fighting off their own neighbors, who surged forward with an alarming variety of pitchforks, machetes, and, inexplicably, a blowtorch.

"¡Quietos, carajo!" bellowed Don Chepe, pushing people back with his cane.
"Es por la ciencia··· ¡Por la ciencia!"

"For *science*!" echoed Doña Lupe, shoving a teenager back into the crowd. "They belong in a laboratory, not in a ditch!"

.

Eventually, after much shouting, pleading, and one awkward moment where the husband offered to

“PayPal everyone here,” the barrio elders declared the couple too valuable to lose.

Under the official project title **“Barrio Piercings”**, a team of two men with pliers and suspiciously steady hands affixed tiny GPS transponders to their belts and shoes. The wife thought they were “artisan belt charms.” The husband assumed they were “local good luck talismans.”

The leader of the operation signed the release papers on a beer carton:
“Tag ’em, track ’em, and let’s see where these two wander next.”

And so they were set loose, hand-in-hand, back into the blinding Cabo sun. They ambled toward the waterfront, blissfully unaware that their coordinates were now pinging in real time on a laptop in the back of Don Chepe’s bar, alongside a map titled **“Migration Patterns of the North American Idiot.”**

Somewhere behind them, the mariachi resumed playing, and the singer, now smiling faintly, muttered under her breath:
“Vayan con Dios… y con el satélite”

.